

INDIAN RECORD

THE
MISSIONARY RECORD

3rd YEAR

No. 10

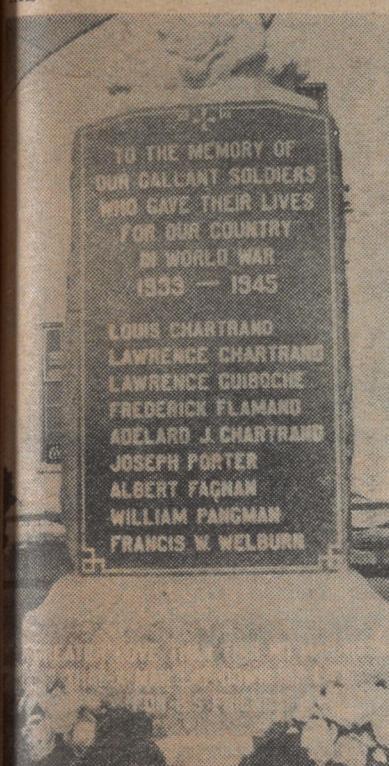
DECEMBER, 1950

P.O.

BONIFACE, MANITOBA

Camperville Memorial Gym Opening Attracts 3,000

An enthusiastic crowd of about 3,000 persons attended the memorial and gymnasium day at Camperville last June 11 when the gymnasium was officially opened and the memorial was unveiled at a public ceremony. Baseball and softball tournaments and a boxing tournament featured the attractions for the day.



CAMPVERVILLE MEMORIAL GYM is shown on top right; below the Lebret Indian School Cadet Band which attended the opening ceremonies. Left, on the pedestal of the statue of the Sacred Heart, the names of the war dead are inscribed: Louis Chartrand, Lawrence Chartrand, Lawrence Guiboché, Frederick Flaman, Adelard J. Chartrand, Joseph Porter, Albert Fagnan, William Pangman and Francis P. Welburn.

The unveiling of the war memorial took place at 4 p.m. with Rev. A. Plamondon, Camperville pastor and promoter of the war memorial and gymnasium, as master of ceremonies.

Father Plamondon thanked the Oblate Fathers for their aid and guidance in the project and also the citizens of Camperville and many benefactors for their co-

operation in establishing the memorial and gymnasium.

Rev. Father Scheffer, O.M.I., provincial superior of the Oblate Fathers, spoke of the great achievement of the building of the gymnasium and memorial, which he termed a fitting tribute to the war dead. He also paid tribute to the memory of the old missionaries who labored at Camperville

years ago.

Michael Hryhorchuk, M.L.A., for Ethelbert constituency, praised the work and deeds of the Oblate Fathers among the Indians and local people, and wished them every success.

Theodore Flatfoot, Chief of the Camperville Indian Reserve, spoke briefly in Saulteaux, and was followed by Rev. Father

SEPT. 51-R-2161-7
SHANNON, S.
146 SHERBURN ST.
WPG. MAN.

LEGISLATION BACKED BY HARRIS

SASKATOON, Nov. 15 — The Indian bill to come before the next session of parliament was a "most liberal document" and the natives of Canada would lose none of their rights but rather would gain additional ones if it passed, the Hon. Walter E. Harris, minister of citizenship and immigration, said as he addressed an audience of about 400 at the

Beaulieu, O.M.I., who told the story behind the gymnasium, the problems facing the construction of the building and the final success of the project.

A total of 22 teams took part in the ball tournaments. There were 11 senior teams, six junior baseball teams and five girls' softball teams. Rain in the early evening halted the proceedings and the prize money had to be divided among the teams still in the tournaments.

Masses were held at the Camperville Church from 6 a.m. to 11 a.m. High mass was sung by the children of the Indian Residential School at 9 a.m., with Rev. Father Scheffer officiating and Father P. Dumouchel, O.M.I., preaching.

The Indian High School Band, from Lebret, Sask., opened the sports events and presented musical selections throughout the day.

In the evening, the boxing tournament was held, with boxers from Winnipeg, Dauphin and Camperville taking part. Camperville's Maurice "Kid" Guiboché triumphed over Bruce Codville, of Winnipeg, to take top honors.

banquet in the Bessborough hotel.

Mr. Harris denied that the Indian bill would leave "arbitrary powers" in himself as minister, or that the "thread of subservience" for the natives ran through the bill, as charged by John Diefenbaker, member for Lake Centre.

The minister defended the clause he had put in the bill that made an Indian get a permit from the Indian agent before he could sell cattle, grain or any of his products.

Defended

He also defended the administration of the Indian affairs branch asserting that in the past four years more schools had been built and more qualified teachers acquired to educate the native children, than ever before in history.

Mr. Harris challenged the truth of Mr. Diefenbaker's statements that the Indian was given the right to vote only if he lost his treaty rights and that the native could not resort to the courts. Under the bill the Indian could do as he pleased, vote or not, and he certainly could sue the minister or government in the courts. The biggest court case in the Indian affairs branch was now under way in Ontario, he said.

Mr. Diefenbaker had spoken of the benefits under the act being a "mirage" but the aged Indians to receive \$25 per month pension and those to benefit from the \$35,000 per year in loans for farming and fishing operations, would find something more substantial than a mirage, the minister said.

I.M.R. to be Published In Magazine Format

ST-BONIFACE, Man. — In answer to repeated requests that the Indian Record return to the magazine style in which it has been published from 1938 to 1947, the management of the Indian Record has voted to resume publication, beginning with Vol. 14, No. 1, January 1951, in the 16-page magazine format.

High quality glossy paper will be used, and finer-screen illustrations plus a more varied use of type-faces will greatly improve the appearance of the magazine.

New features will be introduced from month to month and the emphasis will be placed on the religious, social and educational guidance of the readers. It is felt, more than ever before, that there is a definite need for a publication like the I.M.R., which has pioneered in the field 13 years ago.

The I.M.R. Board of Directors has pledged itself, from the time of the foundation of the Catholic Press Apostolate for the Indians of Canada, to support the magazine to the fullest extent possible. The renewed expression of appreciation voiced at the Ottawa Missionary Conference gives a great incentive to forge ahead; spurred by the hope that the ever increasing number of subscribers will respond to the efforts made on their behalf the editors of the I.M.R., will strive unceasingly to better the magazine so as to establish it on a solid foundation.

It is hoped that the improvements planned will induce many to renew their zeal in contributing to the magazine, financially as well as in sending photos, news items, stories, feature articles of local as well as of national interest to the readers.

THE FIRST CRIB



Saint Francis of Assisi in adoration before the Babe of Bethlehem received the inspiration to construct the first Christmas Crib at Greccio. This painting depicts the Poverello in solemn contemplation, meditating on the Mystery of the Incarnation, when it is said that the Christ Child appeared surrounded by angels. This canvas hangs in St. Francis Hospital, a short distance from St. Bonaventure College, in Olean, N.Y. (NCWC)

**A Holy and Merry Christmas
and A Happy New Year!**

THE INDIAN MISSIONARY RECORD

Directors: Most Rev. M. Lajeunesse, O.M.I., H. Routhier, O.M.I., Very Rev. P. Scheffer, O.M.I., A. Boucher, O.M.I., O. Fournier, O.M.I.
Advisory Board: Rev. J. Brachet, O.M.I., G.-M. Latour, O.M.I., F. O'Grady, O.M.I., R. Durocher, O.M.I. (Associate-Ed.)

Editor and Manager: Rev. G. Laviolette, O.M.I.

Printed by Canadian Publishers Ltd. Winnipeg, Man.

Authorized as Second Class Mail. Post Office Dept. Ottawa Canada

Christmas Greetings

May the vision which the eyes of Mary and Joseph beheld be your joy and blessing this Christmas Day and always.

Christmas is, above all else, the Feast of Vision. The blind night of forty centuries is pierced by a star; shadows give way to substance as the Eternal Light pursues them one by one and banishes them from His world.

"We have seen His star," say the Wise Men, and "We have seen" becomes the theme of the hour. Shepherds, angels, children, even humble animals, all have "seen." The profound Orientals call this wonderful season of the year the "Epiphany," the "manifestation" of God to men.

There is, however, one group for whom this wondrous "visibility" of God might seem to be in vain. These are the sightless men and women, and little children too, of today and all the centuries. At the Magi's insistence, they raise their heads towards heaven, but see no star; at the angel's summons, they hasten along to Bethlehem, but see no newborn Child.

Yet better far than do those who have eyes to see, do these, whose eyes are veiled, know how to evaluate the coming of Thy Light. These whose steps are slow and cautious, appreciate perhaps more than others the revelation of the certain Way. They love all the more the Good Tidings, the advent of unfailing Truth.

Into the cloister of each such soul come only invited images—the scenes that so often intrude upon the vision of other men, can offer no distraction here. Perhaps God made these so because He wanted all of them, their minds, their hearts, their wills. Reluctant to share their interests with the enticing objects that present themselves to human sight, He draws His mantle close about them, shielding eyes made only to see Him, from the confusing panorama of this sad and weary world.

And as the fixed gaze of their souls looks only upon the newborn King, the blind can see also the goodness which His coming has wrought in the hearts of men. Their benefactors and their friends take on a Christlike aspect, and they thank Him and them together from the depths of devoted hearts.

NEWSLETTER FROM ST. MARY'S SCHOOL, CADSTON

Sometime in October, two distinguished visitors called at the school: Mr. Gooderham, inspector for the Indian agencies of Alberta, and Mr. Ragan, district Agent. With Father Principal, they visited various departments and attended to matters of business.

On Oct. 15, Rev. Fr. Poulin went to say Mass for the first time at the Old Agency. From this date on, Mass will be celebrated there every second week in private homes for the benefit of those who dwell on the more distant parts of the reserve.

On Oct. 21, having received news that her mother is dangerously ill, Sister G. Michaud left for her home. She was replaced in her class the first day by Sister B. Roesch, and from then on by Sister Ste Marie, a former teacher with many years of experience in the school.

On Oct. 22, a pleasant social evening was held in the gymnasium for the profit of the Red Cross. Sponsored by the senior pupils, it proved a real success.

On Oct. 23, the X-Ray unit from the Department of National Health made an early appearance at the school and thanks to the good organization and the co-operation of all, everything went so smoothly that by 3:30 p.m. all the pupils had been X-rayed.

On Oct. 24, Miss Dorothy Good Striker, employed at the school, made her First Holy Communion in our chapel after being instructed in the Catholic Faith by Rev. Fr. Poulin. A week later, on All Saints Day, Miss Frankina Sorel Horse, also employed at the school, enjoyed the same privilege.

High Mass on All Saints Day was celebrated in Yarrow by Rev. Fr. Poulin while Miss Rosalie Creighton at the organ, accompanied the choir formed by Misses Verna and Teresa Big Throat, Delphine Fox, Rose Prairie Hen and Annie Plain Woman, all pupils of the school.

On Nov. 1, the cadets were inspected by Captain Shaw of Cardston.

A series of story-hours was held, on Oct. 29 for the senior girls, on Nov. 1 for the senior boys, and on Nov. 5 for the junior boys and girls respectively. Thoroughly enjoyed by all, this new form of entertainment was for the profit of the Holy Childhood.

In the evening of Nov. 7, a card party was held at the school for the senior boys and girls.

Sunday, Nov. 12, marked the opening of the retreat for the people of the Immaculate Conception Parish. Father Meunier, O.M.I., conducted the retreat for the parishioners as well as that which followed immediately after for the children of the school.

Brother Morin is presently under treatment at hospital in Lethbridge.

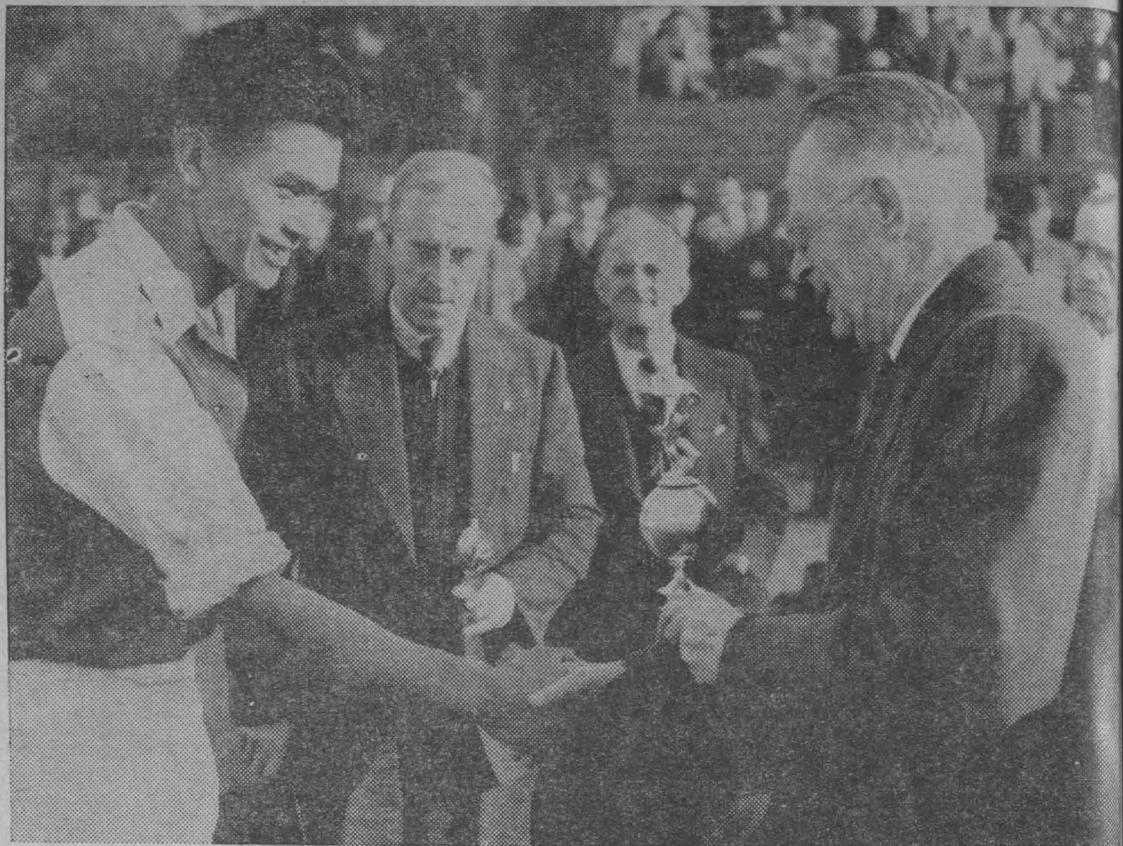
Reverend Sister E. Bosse and Carolla Fox are now recovering from recent illness after having been hospitalized.

Mrs. Walter Singer is at present dangerously ill in the Cardston hospital.

In October Mrs. Frank Scout gave birth to twin girls in the same hospital.

(THE CHRONICLER)

SPORTSMANSHIP TROPHY



Presented annually to player of Victoria & District Football League displaying highest standard of sportsmanship during season, the Dr. J. D. Hunter Trophy was won for 1949-50 season's play by Herman Henry, stellar fullback of Duncan Native Sons. Henry, an Indian lad, received unanimous vote for honor.

Dr. Hunter personally made presentation to Henry during half-time interval of a league match between Duncan and Esquimalt at Royal Athletic Park in Victoria, B.C.

League officials in picture are President Charlie Lewis, holding smaller trophy which will be permanently retained by winner, secretary Don Gray and Percy Payne, extreme right.

SAANICH NEWS

A few weeks ago a banquet was given in honor of Benjamin Paul and Dorothy Paul, of the West Saanich Ind. Reserve, at the Women's Institute Hall, Brentwood, B.C.

Benjamin Paul had just completed his high-school, at Christ the King Seminary, New Westminster, B.C., and his cousin Dorothy Paul had successfully concluded a commercial course at St. Ann's Academy, Victoria, B.C.

Rev. Father X. Lauzon, s.m.m., missionary of the Saanich Indians, presided. Present were Rev. Father J. Camirand, s.m.m., Principal of Kuper Island School, where Benjamin Paul received his primary education, many relatives and friends from the Tsartlip Reserve and some white people, close friends of the Paul family. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Dignan, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Logan and Mr. Siverston.

Mrs. Johnny Cooper presented her cousin, Dorothy Paul, with a lovely fountain pen and Philip Paul presented a brief case to Benjamin Paul, as token of appreciation from their relatives and friends. Miss Dorothy Paul expressed her gratitude to all those who helped her in her school days. She had a special word of thanks for her father, her teachers, the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary and the Sisters of St. Ann. She said how grateful she was for the guidance she had received from the missionaries, working in Saanich.

Benjamin Paul

Benjamin Paul also expressed his gratefulness to all those who had fostered his vocation. To the students present he had these words of advice: "I encourage all of you to acquire a higher education. No matter what you are striving for, be it the priesthood, a secretarial position, nursing or teaching, a higher education is necessary. May you all succeed, whatever may be your goal. Not only is a higher education needed but also a good Catholic education."

We must be ready to preserve the greatest gift that God has bestowed upon mankind, that is our faith. With a good Catholic education, you can be assured that you will have the principles and the moral strength to safeguard your rights against the immorality which is overrunning this world of ours."

He added: "I would like to say a few words to the parents here present. You have the right to see to the kind of education your child-

children are to receive. Since the majority of the Indians in this district are Catholic, your duty is to give to your children a Catholic education."

"In conclusion, I would like to say, that to be seen one must stand up, that is what I am doing, to be heard, one must speak plainly, that is what I have tried to do and to be appreciated, one must be seated, that is what I am doing presently."

Films, entitled: "The Cariboo Trail" and "The Salmon run" were shown and the evening came to a close with a community sing-song.

Benjamin Paul is now taking philosophy at Christ the King Seminary and Dorothy Paul is employed in the office of the Springfield Pharmaceutical Assoc., Saanichton, B.C.

New homes built

The negotiations, carried out by a special committee of the West Saanich Indians, to obtain water from the Brentwood Water District, have not been very successful so far, but the chairman, Mr. David Elliot, states that his committee is still making every effort to bring together the Indian Affairs Branch and the Brentwood Water Board.

Three new houses have been built on the reserve, during the summer months. Johnny Copper is building a very modern home. Cutting the timber standing on his property, he obtained from it most of the lumber needed for his home. With his savings of many years and a substantial help from the Indian Affairs Branch, he is building a house which will be worth \$7,000.00 or \$8,000.00 when completed.

Mr. Louis Charlie is also building a four room house, with full basement and a nice veranda. He, too, has received help from the Indian Affairs Branch. Mr. Philip Tom is nearly completing his home. Besides receiving most of his lumber from the Indian Affairs Branch, he also had the services of Chief Percy Ross now employed in the Cowichan Agency, as a carpenter to help in the building of homes.

Child at Crib

"Poor little Jesus looks so cold I wish my hands His hands could hold."

I wonder was His mommy sad 'Cause swaddling clothes were all He had?"

—Helene Stephens

FORT ALEXANDER

We honor the Assumption

On All Saints' Day, in union with the Catholic Universe, we united in thanksgiving and prayer to celebrate the dogma of the Assumption of our Heavenly Queen.

During a quarter of an hour our church bell rang out joyfully. Special decorations had been put up for the occasion. In the evening quite a few members of the band served united with us in prayer during our hour of adoration. The Principal presided and preached, encouraging all to tread the path of virtue our Blessed Mother followed whilst she was on earth.

The children, in procession, carrying white and blue flags, presented the Queen of Heaven each a candle which was deposited at the foot of her statue.

Festival Greetings

On Saturday, November 4, we celebrated the Patron Feast of St. C. Ruest, O.M.I., our school principal.

A lovely programme, prepared by our devoted Oblate Sisters was given in his honor in the "Tekakwitha Hall" by the pupils of our Residential and Day Schools.

Each class had prepared for the occasion, plays, recitations and comedies, quite varied and interesting. A drama entitled "The Benediction", a flower drill, pantomime and music selection completed our programme.

As a token of our gratitude the employees, Mr. Allard and family joined in with us to offer our devoted Principal a miniature hall made up of paper money and silver coins that which will be used to help building our future recreation and training center.

To Father Plamondon, Assistant-Principal, and Br. Jasmin our sincere thanks for their generous co-operation. To dear Fr. Ruest, our congratulations, hearty and prayerful wishes.

Concert Repeated

On Nov. 5, our entertainment was given again for the people of our reserve. Although the day was bleak and stormy, the hall was filled. Mr. Paul Couche, Councillor, spoke in behalf of his fellow bandmen, all in their names, paid respect to our Principal. He also spoke of Christian education and moral instruction founded on religion. Honest and true Indian knowledge this. They know also that the friend ever, is the missionary. A seemed proud of their children and appreciate our lovely family life in our dear school of Fort Alexander.

(Paul Fontaine)

Authentic Indian Chants and Dances

REGINA, SASK., Nov. 6—A colorful and stirring performance of the authentic chants and dances of the Plains Indians, presented on the stage of the Darke hall by the Women's Musical club of Regina, thrilled the capacity audience. Thunderous applause marked the conclusion of several of the numbers, one of which was the "Song of the Chief" during which Premier T. C. Douglas, Chief Red Eagle, took the salute and led the circling step of the dance.

Members of the Sioux, Assiniboine and Cree Indian tribes from reserves at Fort Qu'Appelle and Montmartre took part in the presentation of the sacred tribal and religious rites, music and culture, of the Plains' Indians. The program was arranged, not for its entertainment value, but for its educational aspects.

Chief Ochankugah, known as Dan Kennedy, acted as narrator. He reviewed the early history of the Indian warfare with the whites briefly, concluding with the remark, "I am rather reluctant to remind you of those hectic days when my grandfather scalped your grandfather." He reminded the audience that it was not battles but the dread disease, small pox, which finally bowed the Indian and drastically reduced his numbers.

The program depicted more of the spiritual side of the race and began with "Ka-sak-sak-Onowan," four "Whipping Songs," which were used to incite the braves and to whip up their courage before going into battle. Following the victorious return of a war party, celebrations were staged in honor of the occasion. A surprise mock attack of the tribal encampment at dawn proclaimed the return of the party who brought with them ponies captured from the enemy. The English interpretation of the victory song they sang while riding Pinto camp is "The Great Spirit deigned to hearken to my plea and I bring home his horses." During the dance that followed the women took a leading role displaying the enemy scalps from "coup-sticks." For Monday's performance the Indian maidens, attired in beautiful beaded and fringed gowns of white buck skin, carried the sticks adorned with fluttering feathers. This scalp

dance was called the Wakte-wapi.

Next came the "Tribute to the honored dead" during which the returned warriors express the dauntless spirit of their fallen comrades.

The "Messianic songs of worship" resulted, according to Mr. Kennedy, after the Indian had realized he had lost his country, his buffalo and his way to religion and it was a religion in which the Christian teaching were incorporated into the ancestral worship.

Three dances which are done by the tribes merely for pleasure, the "Grass dance," commonly thought of as the pow-wow, the "Circle dance" and the Indian version of the fox trot, completed the program. The women took part in the second and in the latter, chose partners with whom to circle in slow rhythm.

The stage, with backdrops of green foliage, was centred with a teepee of hand-sewn caribou and before its open door and authentic Hudson Bay pot boiled over a glowing campfire.

Standing Ready, a grandfather of 88, led many of the dances and Tom Owatch led the chants. Others taking part were Paul Whiteman, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Eashappie, Harold Whiteman, Mrs. W. Gray, Cora Eashappie, Mrs. Cora Eashappie, Mr. Dan Kennedy, Manuel Spencer, Jerry and John Goodwill.

Authentic hide drums were used throughout the performance for which the artists had donned their beautifully beaded and fringed costumes of soft buck skin. The music, similar to the Oriental tone scale, was melodic and often melancholy, always marked with the throbbing rhythms of the drums.

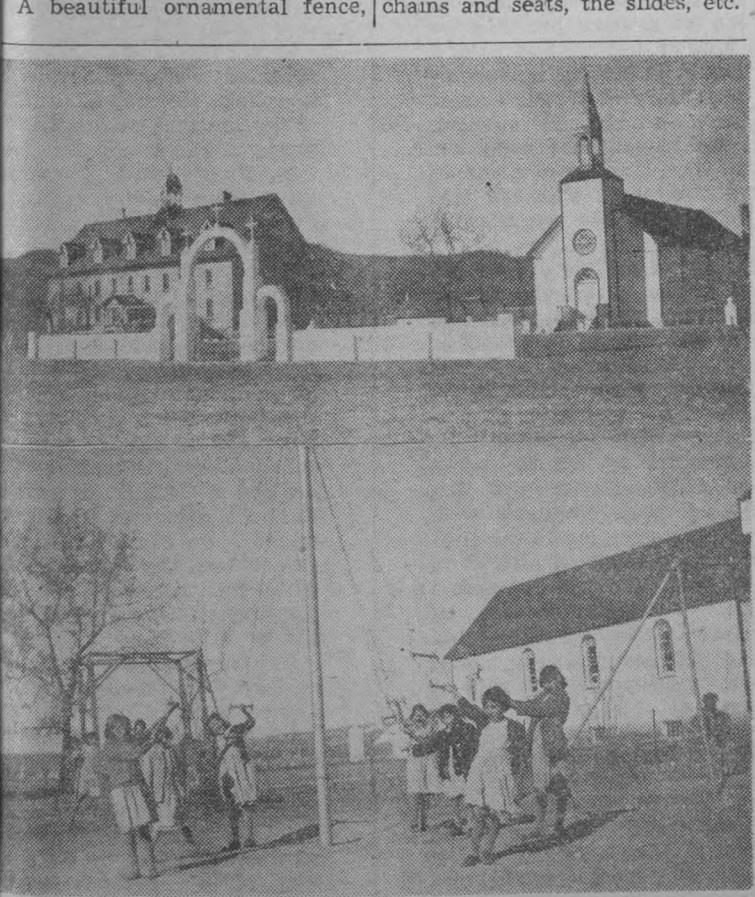
Marieval News

The annual bazaar was held in November; it was a success thanks to the devotedness of Fr. Lemire, Pastor, and the collaboration of the school staff and parishioners. Every one is happy over the results obtained; teamwork is the key to success. We extend our thanks to all who contributed to the event.

A beautiful ornamental fence,

graced by three archways, adorns the grounds in front of our parish church; little crosses over the archways shine on the sun; a statue of Our Lady of the Cape and two angels will be placed later on the archway.

Outdoor playground equipment has been erected at the school this fall; the pupils enjoy the giant-stride, see-saws, wing-chains and seats, the slides, etc.



AT MARIEVAL, Sask., Indian School a monumental gate and fence adorn the front of the church; below is shown the new playground equipment well in use by the happy pupils of Cowessess Indian school.

FOR 'BISHOP OF THE NAVAHOS'



On the occasion of the tenth anniversary of his installation as Bishop of Gallup, N. M., Bishop Bernard T. Espelage, O.F.M., receives a Spiritual Bouquet from the senior class of St. Michaels Indian High School, St. Michaels, Arizona. Because of his interest in the 65,000 impoverished Navahos within his Diocese, the prelate is called "the Bishop of the Navahos." (NC Photos)

Children of Mary

Under the guidance of Fr. Lemire the Children of Mary are active and intend to better themselves in order to please Our Lady, their Model; the election of officers took place recently; Pres. Miss Kathleen Gunn; Vice-Pres. Mauricienne Delorme; Councilors: Noella Lerat, Ivy Delorme, Dolores Lerat and Noella Sparvier.

Boy Scouts

Edwin Redwood has been appointed Scout Leader; Edward Acoose, Emile Trottier and Richard Agecoutay, Patrol Leaders, in the election held Nov. 10. Like that of the Children of Mary, the Boy Scouts association is a great builder of character and it inspires noble ideals.

Snooker Tournament

Louis Gunn won first and J. Agecoutay, second prize in a 20-entry snooker tournament on Nov. 29. The same evening, after the picture show, the first dance was held in the hall; every one enjoyed the old-time dances to the music of Clifford Lerat, Edward Lerat and Raymone Acoose.

Wedded: Nov. 21, Vincent Delorme and Josephine McArthur, daughter of the late Edward McArthur of White Bear's Reserve.

Died: Mrs. Helene Laferté, 75, on Nov. 15; she received the last rites and was buried by Fr. Lemire at the church cemetery. R.I.P.

St-Philip's News

ST-PHILIP'S, Sask.—School reopened Sept. 4; Father L. P. Giroux has been appointed to our staff as missionary; Father Giroux teaches catechism daily in our school.

Father Jeannette opened a parish hall in the basement of the church; he is grateful for the help and co-operation received from his parishioners.

Father Lacelles, O.M.I., of Kenora, preached the annual retreat; we were happy to greet him and to receive his instructions.

Our activities are quite varied; we enjoyed specially the charity bazaar which gathered our parents at the school for a day; the weekly educational films are a welcome break and we enjoy them very much.

On Nov. 1st, we had a picnic and sports on the mountain-side; we had a picture show in the evening.

A cougar, a real live one, went after our calves this fall; the boys gave it a good scare and chased him back into the woods; as we had abandoned the chase, one of the boys ran into a chipmunk, and did he ever get scared!...

Deaths

Mrs. Catherine Kakekeway, 70, at Kamsack hospital, Sept. 30; burial at Coté Reserve; Antoine Quevezance, 69, was found dead in the fields near his home, on Oct. 9. R.I.P.

Lebret News

The fall issue of the Lebret Indian School's "News of the Month" reports many interesting events written ably by the pupils. The most interesting write-up is the report on the annual summer Cadet Camp at Clear Lake, Man., which 23 Cadets attended from July 2nd to 17th. The circulation of the paper has doubled since last year.

Gymnasium Erected

A large brick and concrete gymnasium is being erected at the Lebret Indian school, thus filling a great need. The gym is being built by local labor and the pupils are gaining wide experience on this construction. All the outside work is completed and the gym will be in use shortly; its erection will relieve the congestion in the playrooms (school attendance is now over 300) and will give added recreational areas as well as room for cadet training and P.T. activities. The new gym will double as an assembly and concert hall.

Confirmation

78 pupils received the Sacrament of Confirmation at the hands of Archbishop O'Neil, of Regina, on October 29th. The annual retreat was preached by Rev. Fr. D. Jubinville, O.M.I.

Trades Training

Two High School pupils, Percy Mandy and Thomas Okimaw, spent six weeks during the summer at the Dundurn, Sask., Army Training Camp. Fieldcraft, weapon training, mechanical maintenance of motorized vehicles were among the subjects taught. The two students passed their exams successfully and earned each a \$60.00 bonus.

Sports

The fall field and track meet at Fort-Qu'Appelle saw a goodly number of Indian School athletes perform excellently. Herb Strong-Eagle and Gracie Lavallee were the Medal winners of the year; the boys won the Senior trophy. All the competitors make a good show, each in their class, capturing as many as 23 awards in the racing and jumping events.

Blue Quills School

The Blue Quills School (St. Paul, Alta.) will have the opportunity to organize a boys' military band, according to a recent issue of the "Moccasin Telegraph," published by the school.

Eric Cardinal writes: "We went into the library... and there were sixteen band instruments for the boys... these were brought by the Indian Affairs Branch for our school. Music lessons have already started, and just now, there is a lot of noise in the school."

Exhibition prizes

A great number of prizes were won by Blue Quills pupils at the Calgary and Edmonton annual Fairs. The pupil who received most prizes was Albina Cardinal, who received a total of \$7.00 in awards.

Proficiency badges were given to Home Economics pupils last October; Miss Albina Cardinal obtained all her credits in the three classes (knitting, cooking, housekeeping) and was awarded a brooch.

Radio Broadcast

On October 1, the school pupils broadcast in Cree over CHFA's Sunday Indian Program. Three hymns were sung by the choir and Father Bernet-Rolland, the school principal, gave a short sermon. On November 5 the same performance was repeated. It is reported that the radio program for the Crees of Northern Alberta is very popular.

World Champion

October 22 saw the visit of Vic Delamarre and family of remarkably strong persons performing at Fort-Alexander parish hall (see cut). The performance was enjoyed by all; Mr. Boniface Guimond reports that Vic Delamarre is a man of great faith and of clean life. Father Plamondon sponsored Delamarre's appearance at Fort-Alexander.



FORT-ALEXANDER, Man., has had the visit of the King of Strength, Vic Delamarre and his family for a benefit performance. Left: Vic Delamarre is sponsor at the christening of Victor Jean Fontaine, child of Louis Fontaine, Father Plamondon (center) officiated. Right: the Delamarre family: father Victor, sons Victor and Elzeard and daughter Jeanne-d'Arc, with school staff: Frs. Ruest, Plamondon, Br. Jasmin and Mr. and Mrs. Donat Lacroix.

Christmas in North Dakota

By HELEN C. CALIFANO

Condensed from the Ave Maria
It was Christmas eve of 1810 in the wilderness of what is now Minot, N. Dak. Father Lougain stepped from behind a clump of alders so stricken by wind and snow it had lost its identity. In a pause in the gale he could see the Indian village in the clearing ahead. He had reached journey's end. The village consisted of 50 tepees and a crude hut. The priest headed for the hut; it was closest and would prove more spacious than a tepee. Progress was hampered by his equipment, consisting of medical kit, Mass kit, and parcels, and by the fact that he had a small child with him.

Father Lougain knocked. Snow all but smothered the shelter; wind howled through its walls. An old squaw with gourd-shaped head and pockmarked face opened the door. She asked no questions, for she spoke no tongue other than her own; and the situation was self-evident.

As the Father entered, she pointed to a small bunk along the far wall. Then she knelt by the fire. Satisfied all was well with the evening meal, she looked over her shoulder. Concluding that a woman's services were needed, she lurched upright; the next moment she was bending over Father Lougain's patient. The child was still wrapped in blankets, only now it was possible to see her limp head, covered by masses of purple-black hair. It was possible, too, to see her sweet olive face, and eyelashes so long they rested like corn silk on her tired cheeks.

Suddenly the woman squeaked recognition and surprise. Her body began to quiver with excitement and a torrent of gutturals rose from her wrinkled throat. Father Lougain understood some Indian, though he had been working among the Dakotas less than a year. Wanda was the name of the little girl.

"I was right then," he said with satisfaction; "she is one of yours. I found her almost frozen to death in a stretch of woodland." He moved towards the fire. The cold had entered his blood and chilled his heart; his feet and hands were awkward with pain. The woman followed the course of his tall, youthful form with dusky gratitude, her face like a patch of lit earth on the forest floor. Father smiled the smile of peace. He had trudged 20 miles off the beaten path in a terrifying blizzard, the like of which he could not have even imagined in sun-washed southern France, where he had been born, to bring an Indian girl back to her people.

He had been a good shepherd, who not only brings back his own sheep but all sheep that are lost. He recalled with pleasure an inspired passage from a volume on foreign missions, his constant companion. He had memorized it because it described so well what he felt in his heart concerning his priesthood. It read: "The missionary priest will come closer than any man to the common denominator of all humanity. He will see hope where other men see blackness and will find God where others see nothing but evil. Sparks from the fires of his sacrifice will light souls living in darkness, and they will see the cross and the way to eternal life. Rightfully to fulfill his destiny, he must cut the Gordian knot that ties him to his people and cast himself upon the Lord. And it will be his badge of merit that when he has realized his calling his countenance will be as the Lord's."

Aware that now the old crone was swaying and croaking her concern for the little one, Father Lougain reached for his medical kit to administer restoratives. Wanda was even frailer than most Indian girls of ten, and dangerously languid from exposure and fatigue. He worked with that

minimum of effort characteristic of men who know what they do. The study of medicine had been a requisite at his Jesuit seminary at Toulon and again at Rome. He had brought to that study, as he had brought to all his seminary work, the penetrating analysis and the academic point of view of a well-born Frenchman. He had brought, too, the high seriousness of a man reared in sanctity who at an early age experienced the sense of vocation. Watching him, the woman relaxed. She knew nothing about the white man's medicine, but her instincts concerning men were correct. She looked at the cook pots, then at the Father, enacting a pantomime to indicate that the food was ready. A moment later she disappeared through the drafty doorway to become part of the icy swirl beyond.

Alone with the child, Father Lougain's natural humility asserted itself. Whatever the moment of expansion he had so recently experienced, now he felt inadequate and young, and overwhelmingly homesick. A sense of unworthiness that had haunted him as far back as he could remember and had shadowed moments of personal triumph claimed him with fresh vigor. Memories of teachers and prelates who had watched him go forth on his North American mission with joy in their souls and prayers on their lips returned to sadden him. They had believed that from his sowing could come much good fruit. But he had failed to vindicate their high trust. He had made no converts.

Moreover, 35 miles away at an Indian mission where he had expected to spend this Christmas eve and the morrow as well, a group of faithful was awaiting his arrival. They would have to do without him. Nor would they have the holy creche in the chapel, as he had promised, since the figurines which had been sent from overseas were with him. He stared with unhappy fixedness at unrelated items about him: some owl and loon wings hanging from the ceiling, a beaver skull at his feet, frames for stretching hides covered with torn skins in various stages of decay. France was far away.

Darkness was falling when the old woman returned, accompanied by a younger woman and three braves. They entered on a gust of congealing wind, stamping their feet. The young maiden ran over to Wanda. Motherhood claimed her and made her soft; the far reaches of the firelight rendered her heavy face appealing. "Wanda," she said softly.

The braves, the rightful occupants of the hut, slouched over the fire to their supper. With great dispatch they crammed duck and squash down their hungry throats. They milled around at their end of the cabin, staring curiously now and then, but without hostility, at the priest, who, in turn, was making covert appraisal. Aroused by the general disquiet and her mother's mournful crooning, Wanda stirred, upsetting a parcel the Father had placed on the bed. Father Lougain pushed it gently out of sight under the balsam bunk. It was a Gesu Bambino which had been carved by a master craftsman for the Lougain family 400 years before the good Father had been born. Father Lougain had always regarded the Babe with reverence and affection; tonight, he identified it with all that was of good report in his past. The Gesu was dressed in a sweeping infant dress of white satin his mother had sewn with exquisite stitches for the Babe's first Christmas in America. Father Lougain wished to keep it by his side to stand between him and loneliness.

Turning to him very shyly, Wanda's mother endeavored to make white man's conversation with the mixture of jargon, gestures, and English she had learned at a trading post. Her eyes told him she was grateful. Her lips

ALASKA

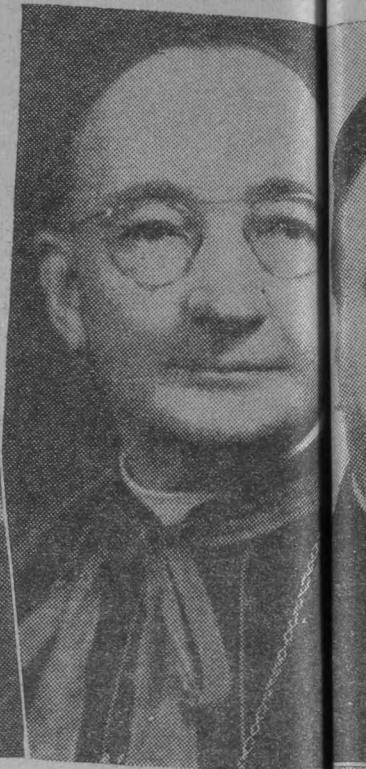
MOST REV. FRANCIS D.
 GLEESON, S.J., D.D.
 Vicar-Apostolic of Alaska
 Juneau, Alaska.



SHEPHERDST

GROUARD

MOST REV. UBALD LANRE
 O.M.I., D.D.
 Vicar-Apostolic of Gro
 McLennan, Alberta, Pr



MACKENZIE

MOST REV. JOS. M. TROCELLIER,
 O.M.I., D.D.
 Vicar-Apostolic of Mackenzie
 Fort Smith, Northwest Territories

WHITEHORSE

MOST REV. JEAN LO
 COUDERT, O.M.I., D.
 Vicar-Apostolic of White
 Whitehorse, Yukon Terr

pregnable and unafraid. On blood drained from his face ha rose to full height and placed hand upon a crucifix at his The gesture was that of a prior drawing his sword. He now the most important figure in the room.

When finally the laughter subsided, Father Lougain began to speak. He waived difficulties of the moment with newly found mastery. His words reflected the gifts of birth and training the grace of prayer, and spiritual discipline. "There is a Jesus," he declared. "He was born in country called Judea more than 1800 years ago. Yet He still lives and will live forever. Angels announced His birth, and Wise came to worship, and bring of gold, incense, and myrrh. He was born in a stable over which hung a star, and his mother called Mary. He was the Christ, the Son of God; He came to live and be crucified that might have eternal life." In earnestness, the young priest ed his face as if addressing a congregation, and it rent the gloom like a white fire.

The braves listened with rapt interest, the women with que immobility. Only Wanda smiled knowingly, her thin hands nervously picking deep irregular furrows in the blanket. Some of this she had done before. Father Lougain capitalized upon this fact by training the rest of his defense where would do the most good. Tak

POSTHE NORTH

ARD PRINCE RUPERT
D LAN REV. ANTHONY JORDAN,
O.M.I., D.D.
 of Group Apostolic of Prince Rupert, B.C.
 Alberta Prince Rupert, B.C.

HUDSON BAY
MOST REV. MARK LACROIX,
O.M.I., D.D.
 Vicar-Apostolic of Hudson Bay
 Churchill, Manitoba.



KEEWATIN
MOST REV. MARTIN
LAJEUNESSE, O.M.I., D.D.
 Vicar-Apostolic of Kewatin
 Le Pas, Manitoba

GROUARD
MOST REV. HENRI ROUTHIER
O.M.I., D.D.
 Co-Adjutor Vicar-Apostolic of Grouard
 McLennan, Alberta

one of Wanda's restles brown hands in his, he went gravely on: "He sent me all the way from France to you here tonight, Wanda. He sent me because He loves you very much and wants you to know Him."

With the spotlight upon her, Wanda was overcome by alternate spasms of shyness and childlike delight, but her only sound was to squeak like a little mouse. Her eyes roved from face to face to measure her triumph. Then she found her voice.

"Do He geee present?" she asked excitedly. The manner of her asking implied confirmation. There was a Jesus; He had sent Father Lougain to her, then surely there must be the gift. Father Lougain stooped to claim the parcel which but a short time before he had sought to conceal. "Yes," he assured her smilingly, "He sent you a present. It's an image of Himself called 'Gesu Bambino.'" He removed the doll from its wrappings with tenderness, an adjusted its rich robe and gold ornaments. He cupped the cuffs of heavy lace protecting the Infant's clutched hands. Squaws and braves moved, as if magnetized, to where he stood holding his Christ on high like a banner, the shining glow of the white satin dress matching his face. For a moment he might have been the angel on the first Christmas eve, and the Indians the lowly shepherds. With one last caress he placed the Gesu reverently into Wanda's out-

stretched arms. "Keep it, Wanda," he said kindly, "and love it always."

Thus Father Lougain cut the Gordian knot with his past and on a night when only the past made the present tolerable. For the first time as a missionary priest he had fully realized his calling and cast himself upon the Lord. In a moment of revelation he saw that never again would he greatly long for home, for whatever was best of the culture and faith from which he had sprung was embodied in his way of life, and could not be restricted to some particular plot of earth. The knowledge that this was so made the night holy and blessed as no Christmas eve had ever been. Redeeming compensation descended upon him and happiness so abundant that one heart could not wholly contain it. Some of it spilled over into the soul of the little girl and some into the dull lives of her elders. Christmas had come to an Indian village, and Father Lougain had brought his first Indians to Bethlehem. Then the Lord, lavishly as is His want, laid one last token of divine favor as a Christmas gift at the feet of His child and priest.

The little Wanda, savagely fondling the luminous white of the infant dress, immediately associated it with the color of her benefactor's face and his shining manhood. "I will luv Jeesou always," she said ecstatically. "He look just like you."

The Little Match Girl

By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

It was on a bitterly cold, snowy, New Year's Eve. A poor little girl was wandering in the dark cold streets; she was bareheaded and barefooted. She certainly had had shoes on when she left home, but they were not much good, for they were so huge. They had last been worn by her mother, and they fell off the poor little girl's feet when she was running across the street to avoid two carriages that were rolling rapidly by. One of the shoes could not be found at all; and the other was picked up by a boy, who ran off with it, saying that it would do for a cradle when he had children of his own.

So the poor little girl had to go on with her little bare feet, which were blue with the cold. She carried a quantity of matches in her old apron, and held a packet of them in her hand. Nobody had bought any from her during all the long day; nobody had even given her a copper.

The poor little creature was hungry and perishing with cold, and she looked the picture of misery. The snowflakes fell upon her long yellow hair, which curled so prettily round her face, but she paid no attention to that. Lights were shining from every window, and there was a most delicious odor of roast goose in the streets, for it was New Year's Eve—she could not forget that. She found a protected place where one house projected a little beyond the next one, and here she crouched, drawing up her feet under her, but she was colder than ever.

She did not dare to go home, for she had not sold any matches and had not earned a single penny. Her father would beat her; besides, it was almost as cold at home as it was here. They lived in a house where the wind whistled through every crack, although they tried to stuff up the biggest ones with rags and straw. Her tiny hands were almost paralyzed with cold. Oh, if she could only find some way to warm them! Dared she pull one match out of the bundle and strike it on the wall to warm her fingers? She pulled one out. "Ritsch!" How it spluttered, how it blazed! It burned with a bright clear flame, just like a little candle when she held her hand round it.

It was a very curious candle, too. The little girl fancied that she was sitting in front of a big stove with polished brass feet and handles. There was a splendid fire blazing in it and warming her so beautifully, but—what happened? Just as she was stretching out her feet to warm them, the blaze went out, the stove vanished, and was left sitting with the end of the burnt-out match in her hand.

She struck a new one, it burned, it blazed up, and where the light fell upon the wall against which she lay, it became transparent like gauze, and she could see right through into the room inside. There was a table spread with a snowy cloth and pretty china; a roast goose stuffed with apples and prunes was steaming on it. And what was even better, the goose hopped from the dish with the carv-

ing knife and fork sticking in its back, and it waddled across the floor. It came right up to the poor child, and then—the match went out and there was nothing to be seen but the thick black wall.

She lighted another match. This time she was sitting under a lovely Christmas tree. It was much bigger and more beautifully decorated than the one she had seen when she had peeped through the glass doors at the rich merchant's house this Christmas Day. Thousands of lighted candles gleamed upon its branches, and colored pictures such as she had seen in the shop windows looked down upon her.

The little girl stretched out both her hands toward them—then out went the match. All the Christmas candles rose higher and higher, till she saw that they were only the twinkling stars. One of them fell and made a bright streak of light across the sky. Someone is dying, thought the little girl; for her old grandmother, the only person who had been kind to her, used to say, "When a star falls a soul is going up to God."

Now she struck another match against the wall, and this time it was her grandmother who appeared in the circle of flame. She saw her quite clearly and distinctly, looking so gentle and happy.

"Grandmother!" cried the little creature. "Oh, do take me with you! I know you will vanish when the match goes out; you will vanish like the warm stove, the delicious goose, and the beautiful Christmas tree!"

She hastily struck a whole bundle of matches because she did so want to keep her grandmother with her. The light of the matches made it as bright as day. Grandmother had never before looked so big or so beautiful. She lifted the little girl up in her arms, and the soared in a halo of light and joy, far, far above the earth, where there was no more cold, no hunger, no pain, for they were with God.

WHY THREE MASSES?

About the middle of the fifth century, St. Leo the Great authorized priests to repeat the celebration of Mass on great feasts so that no one might be deprived of the privilege of assisting at the divine mysteries.

The custom of three Masses on Christmas — at first, restricted to bishops — was introduced into France when Charlemagne established the Roman Rite in his states. Little by little, this practice became general. Since the twelfth century, all priests have had the privilege of celebrating three consecutive Masses on Christmas.

Many liturgists attach a mystical significance to the three Masses: The first, at midnight or before dawn on Christmas morning, signifies the darkness of the world before the birth of Christ; the Mass at dawn, the grace brought into the world with the coming of Christ; the third, in the full light of day, the abundant graces in which the world may participate now that the Redeemer has been born.

U.S. Indian Autonomy Applicable To Canada

The fourth of Anthony Walsh's articles on North American Indians this month examines the tribes and bands of the United States and Alaska. In the first three instalments, Mr. Walsh portrayed Canada's Indians, their occupations, their social contacts and problems, their traditions and their culture, concluding that in spite of the great steps that have been made on their behalf, much remains to be done. Indian leaders are needed. Existing evils can never hope to be eradicated until the Indians themselves are trained to carry out the necessary reforms.

By ANTHONY WALSH

IN 1492 the Indians of the United States and Alaska belonged to more than 600 tribes and bands. These people lived in the land of the Everglades, the Eastern woodlands, and on the parched deserts of the Southwest. They were also living along the coast of the temperate Pacific, and the barren lands of Northern Alaska.

As the gathering of food was of the greatest importance, all the people shared in this undertaking, and the fruits of the earth were distributed equally, for there were no privileged classes. Council fires were their assembly halls, and discussions often lasted for many nights, for every man could speak for as long as he wished, for all final decisions had to be unanimous.

These people had neither jails nor policemen, for law and order was maintained by the use of commendation, ridicule, recompense and privilege.

Some of the Indians developed more than 20 important crops, including rubber and tobacco and other wild plants. Thus, these people were expert agriculturists long before Europeans landed on American soil.

COLONIZATION

From the very start of colonization, Indian tribes were treated as foreign powers, and provision was made in state charters for the fair treatment of the natives. Within a hundred years, four hundred of these treaties were signed. Numbers of them provided for the sale of surplus lands, but the Indians were guaranteed possession of their remaining lands, which became known as reservations. In spite of such pledges, great tracts of land were lost to the Indians by the use of force and deceit. Payment for land was made in cash, commodities, annuities, health and educational services. Sometimes it was exchanged for tools, domestic animals, rifles and ammunition, for the Indians were eager to own some of the equipment of the white man.

McIntosh, Ont.

Saved by the Rosary

On June 9 last two freight trains collided piling up 32 cars on a rock embankment. A brakeman, Henry Roy, from Fort Frances, Ont., was buried under debris and was in great danger of being drowned under the gushing water of a burst tank. Calling hopelessly for help he remembered his prayer beads; he had recited the Rosary before the accident. He felt assured the Blessed Virgin would not abandon him. Indeed he was soon released and saved from death. Brought to the nearby McIntosh school infirmary he was cared for by the Sisters, then driven to the station to be hospitalized at Sioux-Lookout; there he learned that three fellow trainmen were killed. He is sure his devotion to Mary's Rosary saved his life.

Is he a Catholic?

After the same accident, the priest asked from an official who was supervising the wreckage as the body of Mr. Dillon, engineer, was pulled away: "Is this man a Catholic?" The official wondered, then pointing to a medal on the man's body he read: "I am a Catholic. In case of accident, notify a priest." Father Brachet, who had crawled under the wreckage to give absolution to the wounded gave Extreme Unction to the unconscious victim in presence of several whites and Indians and read the prayers for departing souls: "Deliver, O Lord, the soul of thy servant from all pains of hell and from all trials and tribulations . . ."

Thus on the rocky banks where the fatal crash occurred the soul of a railway employee was publicly commended to God's mercy, thanks to the medal which had identified him as a Catholic, to the great consolation of his pious mother and of his sister, a Nun, who recalled that the victim of the accident had attended

There was also agreement on the part of European colonizing powers regarding the international law, whereby land, when acquired by conquest or purchase, allowed the natives to retain their land rights, providing they did not vacate and move to other parts.

EXPROPRIATION

There was peace for a time, and the Indians extended arable holdings, and crops grew in great abundance. Then avaricious settlers began to cast envious eyes upon such fertility. Promises were speedily forgotten, land was expropriated, and the Indians were forced to leave and trek westward.

Again they cultivated the soil, but once more restless settlers descended upon them like ravenous grasshoppers, and the Indians were forced to move on. This time these disillusioned people did not break up land, but made use of the resources of the surrounding countryside. But even in this new domain, they had no peace, for intruders encroached upon their territory, and in despair the Indians took upon arms to protect the little that was left them. Thus began the tragic and ruthless Indian wars.

As the history of those times

a parochial retreat and had heed the solemn warning: "Watch ye, therefore, and pray, because you know not the day, nor the hour." (Mt. 15, 13)

Prepared and unprepared

Joe Strong died a few days after he had received the Sacraments, on Sept. 9. He was prepared . . .!

On June 7, Jerry Fobster and Jos. Awasse-Pelly died of drowning; the same fate happened on Oct. 10 to Felix Perreault and to Steven Fobster.

A Question

What is most dangerous when one travels in a canoe? The sudden storm or the imbibing of liquor?

LONGING FOR OLD GROUNDS

CAUGHNAWAGA, Que.—Chief J. K. Martin, of the Mohawk Confederacy reserve wants to return to New York state's Mohawk valley, once his tribe's happy hunting ground, but fellow tribesmen are inclined to laugh the whole thing off.

Martin, slightly-built blacksmith of this reservation near Montreal, recently wrote the Fort Johnson, N.Y., Indian museum asking about housing conditions in the valley which he claims belong to the Six Nations of the Iroquois.

When a reporter told Martin that the Mohawk valley is thickly populated with white people, the chief said: "They are just looking after it until the Indians return."

SAFE WATER

Improper wells may be the cause of serious disease in rural districts. Wells should be placed an adequate distance from homes or outhouses and should be protected from surface drainage. The importance of a safe well cannot be overstressed. The location of a well depends on the nature of the surrounding areas.



A CREE NATIVE, Thomas Cheechoo, is shown "casing" or skinning a fox. This is done by drawing the pelt over the body, an operation requiring great skill. Mrs. Cheechoo works on an otter.

was only written by white historians, a distorted view was given for the reasons for these outbreaks of violence. The Indians were depicted as blood-thirsty savages who descended upon peaceful settlements, murdering, scalping and torturing innocent people. Within recent times, impartial writers, by sifting the facts have come to the conclusion that the real culprits were the traders and settlers.

These conflicts continued in different parts of the country until the middle of the nineteenth century. Then the Indian Bureau, the equivalent of the Canadian Indian Affairs Branch, was moved from the War Department to the Department of the Interior. But the army still continued to share in the making of Indian policy until near the close of the century. Then when no more free lands were available, and the Indians had been reduced to a state of beggary, the policy of extermination was discarded, and a new technique was evolved.

FORCED ASSIMILATION

It was thought that if tribal lands were split into allotments among individual Indians, it might bring an end to tribal organization, and compel the Indians to renounce their culture and heritage. Children were forcibly removed from their parents and sent to boarding schools. The people were forbidden to wear Indian dress, speak their own language, or carry out any of their dances. But in spite of such pressure, numerous tribes held fast to their old traditions. About twenty years ago, the authorities, realizing that forced assimilation had been as big a failure as extermination, decided to bring about a reversal of the system.

START OF THE RENAISSANCE

They would seek to give back to the Indian a pride of race, by stressing the importance of tribal and group responsibility, and the transfer of economic and political power to the people themselves.

Laws were passed that dealt with domestic relations, crime, education, health, social welfare, housing, taxation, conservation, and the development of lands and resources. One hundred and fifty tribes took advantage of these laws, and received charters as business organizations.

Provision was made enabling them to borrow money from a

be much too big a price for the chance of voting. No doubt, by the time another election is held, the situation will have become clarified, and the people as a whole will go to the polls.

The All Pueblo Council which for close on three hundred years has guided the destiny of 20 Pueblo villages, sent a questionnaire to each of the candidates. They requested the views of these men on security, rights for the aged and blind, their attitude regarding water rights and protection of Indian lands, and whether they favored Indians participating in future legislation on Indians' affairs.

WHITE ALLIES

It is a heartening thought that much of the constructive Indian legislation has been due mainly to the efforts of small groups of Americans outside of government service. For these people have battled unceasingly to bring an end to the frustration and misery of the Indian people.

Since the war, much of their activities have been channeled through an organization known as the Association on American Indian Affairs. This active group have kept a watchful eye on any bills dealing with Indians that came up in Congress and the Senate, have granted scholarships, and have educated public opinion through the press, and their own members have been kept up-to-date by a publication, "The American Indian."

They also succeeded in getting the Secretary of the Department of the Interior to appoint from among their members, a ten-man committee on Indian affairs.

INSTITUTE ON AMERICAN INDIAN SELF GOVERNMENT

Last April, they sponsored an "Institute on American Indian Self Government." Among those taking part were 15 Indians, representing tribes of more than 50,000 people, 16 officials of the Department of the Interior and Indian Service, 35 social scientists, and 42 officials and members of citizens and religious organizations interested with Indian problems.

At the close of the discussions, Dr. E. C. Lindeman, of Columbia University, made some very striking statements which should be of interest to all Canadians concerned with minority groups.

"The only way to learn self-government is through experience. That, as self-government advances, there will be a corresponding decrease in the direct services of government agencies such as the Indian Bureau.

"But, this does not mean that the remaining services will not rise to higher qualitative levels. As the quantity diminishes, the quality will rise. That, as we move towards self-government, we intend to observe and preserve the democratic rule of diversity, that we must not assume that all Indians will have the same form of self-government or that any prescribed form will be suitable for all tribes.

"That assimilation must never be thought of as a negative procedure. You can never get the psycho-spiritual type of assimilation unless the talents of the person being assimilated are being eagerly used by the group to which he is assimilated."

OPPORTUNITY FOR CANADIANS

The time has come, when we in Canada should have a similar nation-wide organization, consisting of Indians, officials, missionaries, educators, scientists and men of the business world. Many outstanding men and women are willing to offer their services in the cause of the Indians, should such an organization be formed. We could then look forward to the time when we would no longer be ashamed of our treatment towards this important minority group, the true natives of Canada.



THE SPRING of TEGAKOUIITA

By SERENA WARD

Chapter XXX

"Would you like us to sing the Litany of our Blessed Lady?" a tot with sloe eyes and raven hair questioned, nestling close to her friend on the mat. "We sing it very well, do we not, Father?"

"Yes. Very well, child."

"I should like to hear you sing," said Kateri softly pressing the little hand. "And I shall also sing with you."

The small band lifted their childish voices: "Sancta Maria — Ora pro nobis — Rosa mystica — Ora pro nobis — Mater Dei genitrix — Ora pro nobis —" and tears filled priestly eyes as his voice caught in his throat for Kateri Tegakouita with the light of heaven on her face was singing the Indian words along with her sisters — "House of gold, pray for us: Refuge of sinners, pray for us; Tower of ivory —"

At the end Père Chauchetière joined in the chant while the children sang the responses: "Ag-nus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi — miserere nobis."

Kateri closed her eyes and lay quite still, and the children, awed finished the litanv and went tiptoe away to tell their mothers: "Kateri fell asleep."

Holy Week was again here and Kateri asked her confessor: "My Father, you will allow me to fast all day during this week?"

The Père looked at her kindly. "No, Kateri, you are too weak for that, but the good Lord will be quite as pleased that you wanted to do so."

Kateri sighed and looked away. "Yes, my Father," she murmured and said no more about it.

On the morning of Tuesday in Holy Week she felt much weaker and could scarcely lift her lids, though her eyes beneath them were bright and her mind wonderfully clear. Father Cholene and Chauchetière were both at her bedside and Cholene told her: "My dear child, you have not many more days among us. Would you now like to receive the last sacraments?"

Kateri's face blazed with sudden happiness. "I am going to God. To my Lovely Lady," she thought, "not for moments or hours but forever. Oh, beautiful!" Aloud she said, "Yes, yes, my Father. I want my Lord to come to me for the last time on earth."

"He shall come to you indeed, Kateri. Your good Teresa and friends of the Confraternity asked that you be allowed to receive Holy Viaticum in your own cabin, and we have consented."

"Oh, my Father," cried Kateri in a small voice, "this is not our custom. It has not been done before, and I am not good enough to have my dear Lord come to me here. Take me to Him in the chapel on my mat, as all our tribe have been taken."

It was all the Fathers needed to confirm their decision. Kateri's utter humility.

But Kateri was ashamed. "Teresa," she whispered to her devoted friend, who left her side only when duty and the chapel bell called. "O Teresa, that my Lord should come to my poor house! I have no covering fit for Him to see."

"Do not worry, sister. I shall bring you my own blanket, though you well know the Lord loves best those who are poor as you."

The unheard-of news spread rapidly through the village. "Kateri Tegakouita is dying. She is to receive Holy Viaticum in her own lodge."

"That is right. That is how it should be. She is a saint." They all nodded and approved. But they wanted also to be present at the great event.

The crowd gathered at the chapel to accompany the priest with respect and reverence as he carried the Holy Viaticum from the church to the modest cabin. "We must be with her. We do not see a saint die every day," they said; they were well aware of the solemnity of the occasion.

Kateri happily awaited the coming of her divine Lover. And when He drew near, the entire cabin seemed to flame into beauty. "My Lord, my Sign, my Eternal Spring is coming," she whispered ecstatically, and when the Père lifted his hand to give her absolution, her eyes dimmed with joyful tears and she began her thanksgiving aloud.

From her earliest childhood she had recalled the glowing spots of her life, to praise her Sign, her Spring, her Baptism and First Communion. Her Lovely Lady, her stars and her fasting — nothing escaped her happy memory, and the priests were

nearly as awed as were the throngs who had come to see her receive her God.

Many of her friends and those whom she did not know so well asked for her prayers. "Will you speak to them, Kateri, and perhaps give them a little advice before you leave us?" Cholene spoke softly.

"Yes, my Father," Kateri breathed quietly. And all day long there was a stream of red-skinned Christians hovering about the door going in to say: "Kateri, tell me . . . Catherine, remember me in heaven. Kateri, I have sinned, pray for me . . ." And Kateri promised them all, and in the brief moments between their visits she made acts of love of God.

It was customary for the members of the Holy Family Confraternity to sit up with dying members, and all through the night they came two by two to sit with her.

One of the youngest girls, whom Kateri liked well because of her piety, was chosen for the first watch along with another friend of the sick squaw. As was customary, she first attended the night prayers in the church, but afterwards asked to speak to the missionary.

"My Father," she begged, "permit me to go to the forest to do a little penance first, so that I may assist in finding grace for a good death for Kateri?"

Chauchetière paused a moment, then nodded his consent.

Back on her bed, Kateri smiled tenderly and turned to the watcher by her side. "Go and tell our sister to come home. She is on the border of the forest chastising her shoulders so the blood runs down that I may have a good death."

The astonished girl stared at the patient. Then without question she threw her blanket over her head and went swiftly to do as she was bidden. "How did she know?" she kept repeating to herself, and when the two girls returned, she crossed herself and watched while Kateri whispered to the penitent.

"Go and rest," Kateri said to the girl; my sister will take the first hour." And when the incredulous Indian maid lay down to sleep, Kateri spoke to the penitent. "My sister, you must persevere in the love of our dear Lord. He is pleased with you, and when I am in heaven with Him, I shall pray Him for many graces for you."

"Ah no Kateri. I am far from good. I do not deserve this."

Kateri smiled wanly: "I know what I am saying, sister. And I know also where you were and what you were doing — for me. Be of good heart, I shall keep my promise." If any further proof that Kateri could see the unseeable and know the unknowable was needed, it was not for the generous girl who had taken this severe chastisement. She knew that her friend was close to the Sacred Heart. And that supernaturally she had beheld her beating herself in the forest.

Wednesday of Holy week dawned, and Kateri opened her eyes. She smiled as though she had a secret. But it was shared with the good missionaries for Père Chauchetière had had a presentiment two months before that Kateri would die on the eve of the feast she loved with a special love. Tuesday evening, after giving the dying girl Holy Viaticum, Cholene suggested: "We will now bestow Extreme Unction upon you, Catherine." There were tears in his eyes.

But Kateri said dreamily: "That is not necessary today, my Father. Tomorrow will be time enough. Tomorrow night I shall —" Her eyes went to something in the distance that was distance only to the bystander. The Father's accepted the girl's word. They knew she was conversing with heaven.

But this morning they came back to the girl



The Little saint passed into the arms of Jesus and Mary

with the lovely secrets in her eyes, and the last rites of Mother Church were lovingly bestowed.

Père Cholene believed that Kateri would be leaving the world by noon of that day, but some of her friends, who wished to be with the dying squaw to see a saint die, asked him: "Good Father, we must go to the woods for our firewood for the feastdays when we may not do so. Will you now ask Kateri how long — Père, we know that she knows . . . when she will leave us?"

Cholene hesitated and then went and spoke to Kateri. "My child, your Sisters of the Confraternity must carry on their work, and yet they long to be with you at the last. What shall I say to them, Kateri?"

Kateri's lips curled up for an instant in a little smile. "Tell them to go and get their wood, my Father. Kateri will wait for them until the last one returns."

Cholene told them that. And they went away quietly to their work.

It was three o'clock when the last wood carrier returned from her task and entered Kateri's room. She was very quiet. Had been very quiet all the day, and Mary Teresa crouched beside her heart-stricken, almost numb. How could she go on without her dearest sister? True. Kateri had said: "Do not grieve, my sister. I shall always be very close to you. You need only speak to me, and I shall answer."

"Ah, yes. But my ears are deaf to the answers in the language you will speak then, Kateri."

"We shall see, my sister. We shall see," whispered the dying girl, and the two hands clasped lovingly as they had so often clasped when the girls went to work or to chapel together.

And now it was three o'clock. Kateri opened her eyes as the last worker took her place inside the door and joined in the prayers for the dying.

Kateri Tegakouita had kept her promise, she had waited for them all. Now she went into her last agony. It was very short and very gentle. With the rising and falling of loved voices about her the little saint passed almost imperceptibly into the arms of Jesus and Mary (April 17, 1680).

Père Cholene knelt watching her. Every eye was upon that dark, worn face with suffering deeply etched upon it. The chanting went on, to be interrupted by a sudden cry from their good missionary, Père Cholene. The praying stopped, seeming to hang in midair, as every eye sought Kateri's face, which a few moments before was thickly pitted by smallpox marks and darkened by smoke fires. It was as fair and beautiful as that of a young bride, and not one pockmark remained.

Kateri had entered heaven at this moment, Cholene thought, and turned to Mary Teresa whose eyes were lighted with strange fire upon thus beholding her little friend. "Bring Père Chauchetière." Cholene said, his eyes never leaving the beautiful countenance of Tegakouita who had now bathed in her Spring Eternal. The Spring of Tegakouita! Receiving the small chaste body that had thirsted for living water.

Chauchetière came and fell on his knees. "It is true," he breathed. "She is a saint."

Leaving the cabin the two priests were confronted with the choice of a place for burial. "The church is the fitting spot for such holy remains," Father Chauchetière said softly.

"You may be right, Père. But it is not the way of the church to be hasty. Let us go to the cemetery and choose a beautiful spot for our Kateri." They went. And Cholene pointed to a spot between the tall cross and the pine. "There," he said, "there is where we shall place her. Where she can look all day at her Sign." He did not know, until some years later, that this was the exact spot which Kateri had designated to Teresa as her last resting place.

(To be concluded)

GREETINGS!

We are grateful for the support given to the Apostolate of the Press during 1950. A report will be published in the January 1951 issue of the Indian Missionary Record.

We invite every one to renew his pledge for the coming year.

Spring term of 1951 subscription cards will be mailed out early in January. Your continued efforts are essential to the growth of the Indian Missionary Record.

Watch for our January 1951 issue, published in magazine format in answer to numerous requests.

Our objective is 5,000 subscribers. We are well on our way towards this goal. Let us go over the top in 1951!

Wishing you a Holy and Merry Christmas, and a Happy and Prosperous New Year!

The Editor

Past And Future Meet In Caughnawaga

By MARY BRANSWELL
(The Ensign)

CAUGHNAWAGA, Que.—Nation-wide attention will be focussed on this little village on the banks of the St. Lawrence River later this month, when one of the most modern schools in Canada is officially opened here in the presence, it is hoped, of Prime Minister St. Laurent.

For the Indian boys and girls who fill its bright, attractive classrooms, however, school days began at Tekakwitha School in September, no later, or earlier, than in other schools throughout the Dominion.

TEKAKWITHA SCHOOL

Its name brings us to a second reason why Caughnawaga is of national interest. The spacious new building looking across the river to the Island of Montreal is named after Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha, the Lily of the Mohawks, who died at Caughnawaga in 1680. The beatification of the 24-year-old Indian girl is being eagerly awaited by Catholics and non-Catholics in countries as far apart as Germany, England, the United States, France and Canada.

Latest step in promoting her cause is the appointment from Rome of Rev. Henri Béchard, S.J., principal of the new school, as Vice-postulator here. Now everything that concerns Kateri, reports of favors received or miracles obtained through her intercession, goes to Father Béchard. Postulator General of the cause is Rev. Charles Miccinelli, S.J., who has acted in a similar capacity for the beatification and canonization of all Jesuit saints (such as the Canadian Martyrs) for many years.

A STATUE BY BRUNET

Combining both his new capacities, American-born Father Béchard hopes to have enough money next spring to commission sculptor Emile Brunet to make a statue of Kateri for the front of the school.

To many who know little of the fascinating history of the Indian settlement just half an hour's bus ride from Montreal, and who have never heard of the gentle Lily of the Mohawks, Caughnawaga has still another meaning—it's famous Iroquois mixed choir.

UNIQUE CHOIR

Beautiful music has become a distinctive mark at St. Francis Xavier Mission, the cultural and intellectual centre of Caughnawaga. The natural aptitude of the Iroquois people for music has for centuries been fostered by their spiritual guardians, until today the choir of some 35 voices is unique on the continent.

A privilege as old as the Mission concedes to the Indians the use of the vernacular at liturgical functions, even at Solemn Mass. Visitors to the Mission who have had the good fortune to hear Mass sung in their own language by the Iroquois choir will appreciate the reception accorded them last



THE FAMOUS CAUGHNAWAGA CHOIR of nearly 40 mixed voices are shown above, during a recent radio broadcast recording in Syracuse, N.Y. Rev. Real Lalonde, S.J., pastor of St. Francis Xavier Mission at Caughnawaga, and devoted patron of the choir, can be seen in the back row, centre. The picture below is of Father Michael Jacobs, S.J., only full blooded Iroquois priest, with Chief Bright Moon, during a special pilgrimage of the Indians at the Martyrs' Tercentenary celebrations at Midland this summer.

month in Quebec City where they sang in the Basilica during the tercentennial ceremonies honoring the Jesuit Martyrs. Edouard Piché is their organist, Rev. Dr. Alfred Bernier, S.J., their maestro.

With a history as colorful as its natural background (the latter through courtesy of the Canadian Autumn) Caughnawaga was founded in 1668 as a haven for Catholic Iroquois. Today it is governed by a Federal agent representing the Department of Indian Affairs, and by a mayor and councillors elected by the Indians.

Harry Beauvais is beginning his second year in mayoralty office, with the evident approval of his 3,000 fellow citizens.

True to the ways of their ancestors, the vast majority of the 400 families are Catholics, whose children attend Caughnawaga schools staffed by the Sisters of St. Ann. Ten Sisters of the Order are teaching at the new school, as well as two lay professors, an Indian girl, graduate of Normal



School, and two Jesuit teachers, Father Béchard and Rev. Albert Burns, S.J.

There are 12 classes in this modern school, besides domestic science courses for the girls and after Christmas, trades will be taught the boys. These youngsters will probably follow their older brothers into the steel and bridge-building trades at which Indians excel, with their services in demand all over the continent. Among Caughnawaga graduates today can be numbered men in the medical and law professions, and the Jesuit Father Michael Karhantion Jacobs.

ENGLISH OTHER LANGUAGE

Non-Catholic children have their own school, under the system of education in the Province of Quebec. A compulsory attendance law affects children of all religions until the age of 16. The program in the Catholic schools here is the same as that of the English Catholic schools of Montreal, and English the second language throughout the community.

But it is to France that the settlement owes its very existence, and a visit by pilgrim or tourist to the Mission buildings on the banks of the St. Lawrence are a step into the pages of Canada's earliest history.

HONOR ROLL

The actual site of the Mission is Sault St. Louis, while the grey

stone church of St. Francis Xavier could be found in Normandy today, with its sloping roof, high spire topped by a cross and a French cock. But, the proud roll of honor tablet outside belongs to 1949. One hundred and sixty-seven boys from Caughnawaga served in Canadian and American armed forces during the Second World War.

The centenary of the present church (built when the old one fell to pieces) was celebrated in 1945; the rectory is 200 years old. Rev. Real Lalonde, S.J., ss pastor of the Mission, assisted by Father Béchard and Father Burns, Rev. O. Peloquin, S.J., and Rev. Drolet, S.J.

THE JESUITS RETURN

It was not always that the guardians of the Mission were Jesuits; for 116 years the care of the Iroquois were entrusted to the Oblates and secular clergy. But in 1902 they came back, to continue the work that was begun in 1668.

The site of the Mission is superb, with Fort St. Louis (erected in 1725 by the King of France to "protect the Iroquois who make the sign of the Cross") on its left; to the right as one faces the swiftly running St. Lawrence, lie the Mercier and Canadian Pacific bridges. Beyond the water is Lachine, with the dome of St. Joseph's Oratory and the clean-cut modern lines of the University of Montreal in the background.

TREASURES AND RELICS

Among the "Jesuit treasures" Canadian and American pilgrims and visitors are shown in the church and rectory are the Iroquois-French and French-Iroquois dictionaries, the grammar, Indian prayer book and translation of the Life of Christ which are the work of the remarkable Father Joseph Marcoux whose picture hangs in the Mission parlor.

The late Archbishop William Forbes, of Ottawa, who spent 14 years at St. Francis Xavier Mission compiled an invaluable genealogical "dictionary of the Iroquois families of Caughnawaga" which is also carefully preserved. Precious relics include those of the True Cross, St. Francis Xavier, the Canadian Martyrs, the Cure d'Arts and above all, of Kateri.

Priceless are the treasured wampum belt, oldest and largest in existence, given in 1676 by the Hurons to baptized Iroquois, and the Parisian-made silver gilt monstrance before which the Lily of the Mohawks most probably adored.

Too numerous to mention are the paintings, sculpture and frescoes of the lovely little church; too striking to ignore is the life-size Christus which hangs over the high altar, the gift of the bereaved families of 35 men of Caughnawaga who were accidentally killed in 1907 while working on the Quebec Bridge.

Acceptable Comics

Choose your comic books from this list, which is prepared by competent authorities.

All American Western, All Time Sports, Andy Panda, Animal Antics, Barnyard Comics, Baseball Comics, Best Western, Blondie Comics, Blue Bolt, Bugs Bunny, Buzzy, Calling All Kids, Casper, Catholic Comics, Charlie McCarthy, Classics Illustrated, Comic Cavalcade, Cowboy and Indians, Dale Evans, Dick Cole, Donald Duck, Dotty Dripple.
(to be continued)

Edwin Laughing Fox, a Sioux Indian in Washington, doing what he can to help our government understand his people, told us that his people have a prayer which he recommends to everyone:

"Oh, Great Spirit, help me never to judge another until I have walked two weeks in his moccasins."

—(Walter Davenport in Collier's).



PRETTY INDIAN PRINCESS
Searching Name, a member of the famous Caughnawaga choir, is seen in her native costume. Many Indian girls are convent and college graduates, holding excellent positions in nearby Montreal as stenographers and secretaries.



live in Pennsylvania, not far from a town with the Bible name of Ephrata.

This fact keeps the prophetic verse of Micheas steadily in my mind. I never need Christmas to recall it to me:

And thou, Bethlehem Ephrata, art a little one among the thousand of Juda: out of thee shall He come forth unto me that is to be the ruler in Israel: and His going forth is from the beginning, from the days of eternity.

And because He did come forth out of Bethlehem, this little one among the thousands of Juda has become the geographical center of the world's Christmas thought. "Christ was born in Bethlehem!" is sung and chanted from pole to pole.

Bethlehem, now connected by a bus line with Jerusalem six miles to the north, and having a modern electric-light system, is still strictly a rural community. It has no industrial establishments as yet. However, many of its 7,000 people are skilled hand craftsmen noted for their proficiency in carving with the simplest of tools, and for making brooches, pendants, necklaces, inlaid crucifixes and snow white rosaries mounted with pure silver. Christmas visitors have a wonderful assortment of such articles to choose from. During the war years, and even now, soldiers from many lands are the principal visitors.

Bethlehem's name, "House of Bread," is most appropriate. The town lies just a little off the highway to Hebron, surrounded by fertile valleys covered with wheat and barley fields. There are also groves of olive and almond trees and neatly cultivated vineyards.

The people of Bethlehem are a peaceful, quiet, friendly folk. They have always been great travelers and were the first of Palestinians to come to the shores of North and South America. Starting as small peddlers, many of them became prominent merchants in South American cities. The people generally are of fair complexion and blue-eyed. This is attributed to intermarriage with the natives by Crusaders when they captured Bethlehem and Jerusalem.

Shepherds still keep watch over their flocks roundabout Bethlehem, much as they did in Bible times, a fact that adds an ancient touch to the Christmas celebrations of today.

Widely revered down the centuries as marking the birthplace of the Saviour, the Church of the Nativity is the world's center of interest each Christmas season. Also known as the Church of St. Mary, it was built over the cave identified by tradition as the stable with the sacred manger. A silver star in the floor of the building is believed to mark the exact spot where Christ was born.

Probably the oldest Christian church in the world — mention of it has been found as early as 334 A.D. — this fact alone would make it a great Christian shrine.

The special Christmas mecca for Catholics is the Chapel of St. Catherine which forms the left wing of the Nativity Church. The Franciscan Fathers are in charge of the chapel.

With the political struggle for control of Palestine raging bitterly at the present time, Bethlehem will probably be more prominent in the Christian mind of the world this Christmas than ever before.

For those who love the Christ-Child, spending a Christmas at Bethlehem, is an experience transcending every previous Christmas experience, and one to be unmatched by any subsequent Christmas elsewhere.

